

# THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,  
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. I.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1813.

[NO. 37]

We this week commence with a series of letters written and published in England a few years ago, under the title of *EPISPOLAR CORRESPONDENCE*, which, we trust, will be well received by the liberal and the good.]

## MATERNAL ADVICE,

And the good Effect of a virtuous Education; Exemplified in a series of Letters, alternately passing between an attached Parent and her Son and Daughter; who, by a singular turn in the wheel of fortune, had unexpectedly come into the possession of riches and rank.

## TO LIEUTENANT COLVILLE,

On Board the Europa.

*Colville Castle, Dec. 1807.*

## MY DEAREST EDWARD,

SO rapid have been the transitions, and so astonishing the changes, which have occurred within the last three months; and, during that period, my mind has experienced such a variety of emotions, that I scarcely know how to collect my scattered ideas, so as to give you a circumstantial detail of the wonder-working hand of that Great Being, who has permitted events so unexpected and extraordinary to take place.

The spot from whence my letter is dated, will be sufficient to excite astonishment in your breast; but this sensation will be greatly increased, when I tell you I have sold off all my effects, and bade adieu to the dear little cottage in which you were born, and with my faithful domestics, Susan and Robert, taken up my abode in Colville Castle.

As you peruse this intelligence, my beloved son, I think I see your animated countenance suffused with a glow of indignation, at the recollection of the insulting treatment I once met with from the titled possessor of this superb mansion!—Yet remember, my dear Edward, that the forgiveness of injuries is one of the strongest duties Christianity requires: and though your mother was then treated as an outcast by Lord Colville, that injurious mode of conduct was rather the effect of false representation, than produced by cruelty of disposition, or depravity of heart.

From Lord Colville not having any children, he educated his eldest nephew, Lionel, as his own son; and, by enabling him to pursue every fashionable amusement, (I may say,) involuntarily led him into dissipation; for being permitted to draw upon his uncle, for sums which would have supported a large family, he thoughtlessly ran into every species of extravagance and, about two months back, lost his life in a duel, the occasion of which was a quarrel respecting a gambling debt. The melancholy event was deeply felt by his doating uncle, who immediately adopted his second nephew George; a young man, whom I need not observe to you, was every way deserving, as you are no stranger to the rectitude of his principles, and the goodness of his heart.

Poor George, however, previous to his brother's dissolution, had joined his regiment in the West Indies, and before the intelligence reached that country, had fallen a victim to that inveterate disease, which for several years has raged with unprecedented violence in those devoted isles.—Edward, the younger, and only surviving male branch of the family, had at that period just quitted Eton, and was entered at King's College; from whence he received a summons to attend his uncle, who had never seen him since a mere child; all his affection having been lavished upon Lionel, and the other two scarcely receiving the slightest marks of esteem.

Edward, eager to obey the summons, quitted college without delay; in opposition to the advice of a medical gentleman, under whose care he was for a pulmonary complaint. Whether his constitution was not equal to the rapidity with which he travelled, or whether he was put into a damp bed upon the road, I am not able to determine, but when he arrived at the castle he was so ill as scarcely to be able to walk; and a physician being immediately sent for, he declared him to be in a very dangerous state: by this intelligence poor Lord Colville was reduced nearly to a state of distraction: two more physicians were immediately summoned, who instantly pronounced the case hopeless. At this time I happened to be upon a visit to my worthy friend, the Dean of \_\_\_\_\_, who, you know, resides within five miles of the castle, and consequently hearing of this succession of calamitous circumstances I sent his servant to make enquiries after poor Edward's health.

The servant returned in less time than I could have imagined possible, and put the following affecting lines into my hand: saying, his lordship's carriage was preparing, and would be at the dean's in a few minutes.

## "TO MRS. COLVILLE.

"If you have Christianity enough to forgive past injuries, and humanity enough to sooth a tortured breast; come, without delay, to a poor old man, whose trials require the aid of friendship to sustain him!"

## "COLVILLE."

That I unhesitatingly obeyed the summons, you, my dear Edward, cannot entertain a doubt; but, to describe the scene I witnessed is impossible, for at the moment I entered the castle, the ill-fated Edward expired; and his almost distracted uncle accused himself with being the cause of his death.

The amiable youth, however, had no parents to bewail his premature dissolution; they have, you know, long since received rewards of a well-spent life; and I understand, from Mr. Butler, your cousin's guardian, that the fortune of both brothers devolves to you; George's was only two thousand; but Edward's, from a legacy, double that sum. Though I said and did every thing in my power to assuage the violence of Lord Colville's feelings, yet his reply constantly was, "I have received my

death stroke! and consider it as a judgment, for neglecting you and your children!"

Prophetic, my dear Edward, proved this declaration!—You know his lordship has for years been a martyr to the gout, with which he was attacked on the day after your poor cousin's funeral; whose body in spite of all persuasions, he would follow to its last abode. Previous to the funeral he sent off an express to two eminent lawyers, and though knowing you must necessarily be heir to his title and estates, he generously left you twenty thousand pounds in the stocks; nominating Sir Charles Prescot executor with you, and appointing you residuary legatee. To your sister he has left fifteen thousand pounds; to Sir Charles one; to the housekeeper and steward fifty pounds a year, and to all the inferior domestic twenty pounds: with particular orders that they fill their respective stations until your return: requesting I would dispose of the cottage, and reside at the castle. To me, my dear Edward, this benevolent cousin has left fifteen hundred a year; which, at my decease, reverts in that order it would have done, had it been at my own disposal.

Here, my dear son, I pause, (and entreat you to do so) for the purpose of pouring out my grateful heart to the Great Giver of these good things. And oh! my beloved boy, may he enable you to bear this unexpected tide of fortune without the display of pride or ostentation; always remembering the source from whence these unexpected blessings have flowed.

But, to return to the cause of Lord Colville's dissolution; which as I observed, was the gout suddenly attacking his stomach, and limiting his sufferings to a few hours.

What a lesson is here for the vain and inconsiderate! four deaths in one family, within the short space of three months!—And what a sudden elevation to you, my dear fellow, from an humble lieutenancy to a peer of the realm. Yet let not the tinkling sound of "your lordship," pervert those noble principles which dignified Mr. Colville's breast; for what are titles and riches, when compared with the inward satisfaction we experience from the retrospect of a well-spent life?

You have hitherto, my dear Edward, done honour to the situation in which heaven in its wisdom ordained you to fill; but you will now have new duties to perform, new avocations to employ you; and you will become a mark at which envy and malice will feel pleasure at pointing their shafts. Repel them by a steady adherence to the path of rectitude.—You have tasted the cup of affliction, and ought to feel for those who are compelled to drink the bitter draught; for my own part, I only value this increase of fortune from knowing it will enable me to cheer the windows' and the orphans' heart; and the pageantry and state, with which I am now surrounded, is totally uncongenial to my natural taste.

Hasten home then, my dear son, and take this burden from my shoulders; for though in the early part of my life I was accustomed to all its elegancies, yet from habit, retirement has become so congenial to my feelings, that I sometimes cannot help wishing myself in the cottage again, receiving the unvarnished proofs of my faithful Susan's fidelity, instead of the obsequious attention of these party-coloured gentlemen.

What an enormous letter have I written! yet without mentioning my usual theme; but do not suppose that this silence proceeds from a diminution of regard, or that my beloved Louisa is less dear to her doating mother's heart.—But this amiable lovely girl, (excuse the expression) is no longer the solace of every care; I parted from her yesterday morning, and feel an inexpressible vacuum at my heart.—I consented, reluctantly consented, to my worthy friend, Mrs. Douglass's proposal, of taking this treasure of my soul with her to London, where the dean and herself purpose passing the three ensuing months; for as the dear girl will be now destined to move in a different sphere to that which I expected, I considered it a duty incumbent upon me to let her have the advantage of finishing masters; and as I faithfully promised his lordship not to quit the castle till its new master took possession of it, I availed myself of Mrs. Douglass's friendly proposal; well aware that my dear girl, under the hospitable roof of these respectable relations, would enjoy the double advantage of precept and example.

Though Sir Charles Prescot assures me there is no doubt of your obtaining leave to quit the navy, the moment you are made acquainted with the unexpected transition in your fortune; yet knowing, my beloved Edward, your high sense of honour, I cannot help fearing that you should remain in your present station until the time appointed for your ship to return; and though a merciful providence hitherto protected you, yet, whilst remaining in a post of danger, I cannot help thinking that your precious life hangs as it were upon a thread.

As I, my beloved Edward, had no wealth to bestow upon you, I did not think myself authorized to oppose my wishes to your own; yet many were the pangs, and severe the conflict, before I could reconcile myself to the mode of life which you chose; still, knowing it to be an honorable one, I endeavoured to lull those apprehensions, which it was impossible to overcome.—But now, my dear fellow, that I consider you as the sustaining prop of a noble family, which must fall without your support, I can no longer consent to your pursuing a profession attended with so many dangers; and, if my peace is dear to you, let me conjure you immediately to return.

Adieu, my beloved son; may guardian angels protect you, is the ardent prayer of

Your fondly attached mother,

E. COLVILLE.

(To be continued.)

#### BE MODERATE.

WE must never indulge ourselves in great expectations. To be more than necessarily dependant on events which are subject to the uncertainty of fortune, does not shew wisdom or prudence. It is true our desires are difficult to curtail; but they ought to be prevented from ranging beyond the narrow confines of reason.

#### PLATO'S SOJOURNMENT AT SYRACUSE, AND FRIENDSHIP WITH DION.

[From the German of F. L. Count Stolberg.]

(Concluded from our last.)

PLATO and Dion now lived together in Athens; where Dion purchased a country house, expanding his soul in the groves of Platonic wisdom, and enjoying the calm of a country life. Here Dion was universally respected; and the Spartans presented him with the right of citizenship, though they were the allies of Dionysius, and had lately received aid of him against Thebes.

The honours conferred on Dion angered the tyrant, who revenged himself by withholding Dion's revenue; and that he might shine in borrowed wisdom, assembled philosophers around him: but the stores of his memory was soon emptied, and he sighed again for that source from which it had, formerly, been filled. Plato was entreated to return; and Dionysius employed the intermediation of the wise Archytas, of Tarentum, and other Pythagoreans. The women of the princely house, Dion's wife and sister, also wrote to Dion, that he might induce his friend to return to Syracuse. Plato, as he tells us, suffered himself to be persuaded. Dionysius received him with much joy; and the princesses in particular, testified the honour and the friendship that were justly due to the Athenian sage; while in him every good citizen placed his hopes. The tyrant offered him great presents, and Aristippus, of Cyrene, said, in the presence of Dionysius, "his generosity did not cost him much: for to those who were in need, he would give nothing; but to Plato, who would take nothing, he offered every thing."

A scholar of Plato's predicted an eclipse, for which he was admired and rewarded by Dionysius; and Aristippus again observed, in a circle of philosophers, "I likewise can predict something very astonishing; for Dionysius and Plato will soon be foes." He was a true prophet; nor was any thing more necessary than the sagacity of a courtier to foresee this event. Plato soon became so troublesome to the tyrant, that he sent him to his body guards; hoping that they, who hated him as the enemy of tyranny, would put him to death.

When Archytas heard this, he sent a galley and ambassador to demand Plato; he having, been his pledge: on which Dionysius suffered him to depart, but bestowed the wife of Dion on Themocrates.

Dion, in conjunction with the principal patriots of Syracuse, having at length overthrown the tyrant Dionysius, Plato wrote him the following advice: "Because the eyes of the whole world, exaggerated as the expression may seem, are turned towards one place; and in that place principally to you,—remember that, to some, you do not appear sufficiently complaisant; and you must not forget that, if you would influence men, you must give them pleasure. Self-love resides in solitude."

#### MEN AND WOMEN.

A French author remarks, that women consider love as the serious business of life, and men render it subordinate to many others!—The female, in general, however, has a stronger affection for every thing she pursues than men; which no doubt led to the above comparison.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

#### THE VAIL.

When beauty glows with conscious pride;  
And lovers tell the tender tale,  
How pleasant 'tis our blush to hide,  
Beneath the graceful modest vail.

Thus magic fancy has the power,  
When ills of various kind assail,  
To hope some future blissful hour,  
And throw o'er care oblivion's vail.

When love's delusive dreams have died,  
And disappointments we bewail,  
We gladly strive our griefs to hide,  
And o'er our sorrows cast a vail.

If misery in our ear should cry,  
Or penury plead with look so pale;  
Oh! let compassion still be nigh,  
And o'er their vices cast a vail.

Should envy come with cankered breath,  
To tell thee scandal's poisoned tale;  
Oh, shun her like the darts of death!  
And strive thy neighbour's faults to vail.

So when thy days on earth are pass'd,  
And vanish'd like a brief told tale;  
Thy God may pity thee at last,  
And o'er thy failings cast a vail.

M. A. W.

#### BERTRAND AND AMARILLA.

##### A Tale.

SEE yonder precipice! which rudely hangs its head o'er the wide sheeted lake:—On that, the lovely *Amarilla*, her nightly vigils kept with the lov'd ghost of *Bertrand*, *Bertrand* the gay, the witty, and the brave (peace to his shade!) ador'd his *Amarilla*. But she, alas! enslav'd by the silly caprice of the sex, disdain'd his proffer'd vows, although within her bosom there dwelt a flame as bright as heavenly fire, or that which reigns within the bosom of an *Anchorite*, when his uplifted soul is placed on heavenly things. The youth being led by that dire rage which too oft attends disdained love, and hurried on by the impetuous whirlwind of passion, mounted the summit of that awful rock, and, with a frightful wildness in his looks, leaped from the dreary top!

The spirits of the lake received him in their azure arms, and soon, by gentlest wafting, rested his corpse upon the willowed bank.

The nymph when first she heard the news of *Bertrand's* death,—not all the eloquence of piety, though urged in heavenly strains, could hinder her from falling into an extacy of passion,—tearing her auburn locks, and nightly, upon the summit of the rock, held converse with the shade of *Bertrand*. Long did she observe this custom; till one rude boisterous night, a mighty whirlwind rose, and, with irresistible force, hurried the fair mourner into the dread abyss!

#### GOOD NATURE.

Is not of less importance to ourselves (says Hakesworth) than to others. The morose and petulant, first feel the anguish they give reproach, revilings, and invective, are but the overflowings of their own infelicity, and are constantly again forced back upon their source. Sweetness of temper, is not, indeed, an acquirement, but a natural excellence—and, therefore, to recommend it to those who have it not may be deemed rather an insult than advice.

## NEW-YORK ORPHAN ASYLUM.

THE Board of Direction of the Orphan Asylum Society, sincerely grateful for the liberal patronage, they have always received from the public, have been in the custom of acknowledging particular favours by letter, and of annually exhibiting to their subscribers a printed account of every donation.

Yet they cannot deny themselves the pleasure of publicly acknowledging the generous gift of one hundred yards of flannel from the Managers of the late Naval Ball, and also the donation of 33 loads of wood, from the Fleet Guards and Captains Varick, and Anthony's companies of artillery. These timely contributions have ensured the comfort of the little family in the Asylum for the winter, in the articles of clothing and fuel; but the Board are sorry to add, that owing to the high price of provisions, especially of rye and Indian meal, three barrels of which are consumed in the Asylum every week; they are seriously apprehensive of being unable to supply them with food the remainder of the season, as their subscriptions for the year are received and expended, save sixty dollars now in bank, which is the only fund they have a right to draw on till April next, when their subscriptions will again be due. Thus circumstanced the hearts of the Trustees would droop over their interesting charge, where they not encouraged by the recollection of former favours, to hope that an application to the public will not be in vain, and above all were they not forbidden to despair, by the promise of the father of the fatherless ever to supply the wants of the orphan.

As many persons have expressed a desire of knowing the expences and resources of the Institution, the following particulars are given by order of the Board.

On the Asylum erected for the reception of orphans in the rear of the Banks in Greenwich, there is a mortgage of 4,500 dollars bearing interest. The orphans and those who instruct and take care of them generally make a family from ninety to one hundred persons, requiring annually for

|                                 |                  |
|---------------------------------|------------------|
| Clothing, shoes and bedding,    | \$340 95         |
| Firewood,                       | 197              |
| Provisions and current expences | 1705             |
| Salary of Superintendent        | 400              |
|                                 | <hr/> \$2,642 95 |

And to meet these expences they have a grant from the Legislature of 500 dollars annually, the chief part of which is appropriated to the payment of the interest on the mortgage.—Their subscriptions amount in general to 1800 dollars, and their resource for the residue is in the generosity of their patrons. Hitherto it has never failed, but has besides supplying the deficiency of their annual expenditures, enabled them to reduce their debt to the sum above mentioned.

There are eighty-four children now in the Asylum, sixty-eight bound out in respectable families, and owing to the healthfulness of the situation and a blessing on the care that is taken of them, only three have died since the foundation of the Institution in 1806, and two of that number came into the Asylum afflicted with incurable maladies. Those persons who are disposed to assist in relieving the Society in their present embarrassment, will please to send their contributions to No. 233 Broadway, or to Mr. Bethune's, corner of Nassau and Fair-streets.

M. STANSBURY, Sec'y.

## ALEXIS. A FRAGMENT.

"If nothing else can change that stubborn heart of thine, the gloomy confines of a prison shall!" exclaimed the father of Alexis, to his only son. "I have nurtured thee, and my parental love has heretofore indulged thee in what was pleasing to thy affections, in hope that I would have had the same returns from thee, and that thou would'st, at my request, when I broke this matter to thee, have readily complied. Thou knowest that I have long looked upon Arabella as a daughter, and thou wilt still prefer Margaret, that low ill-bred girl, one that has nothing to bring with her in comparison to the daughter of my friend."

"Let me for this once be heard," cried Alexis, falling upon his knees before his father, "I have loved Margaret ever since I can remember, and our love has increased with our years; I have plighted her my faith, and to her I have sworn eternal constancy.—And would my dear, my honored father have me bear the appellation of a perjured villain? She has my heart and she alone shall."

"And then you are determined to persevere," interrupted his father. "But, I will see whether it will be proof against stone-walls, whose thickness will not only shut out the light, but banish Margaret from thy sight. Nor will thy father stand before those eyes of thine, while thou art immured in the thick dungeon that awaits thee, until thou confessest the error, with which thou art now infatuated—Till then—adieu."

Alexis was hurried to the place of his confinement. The keeper of the prison had been ordered by the father of this unfortunate youth to use him with the utmost vigor—and he too well fulfilled the mandate.

The stay of Alexis in this dismal place of abode was but short. After a few days he was carried forth—not to the splendid mansion of his father; but—where

"The rude forefathers of the Hamlet sleep!

## Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1813.

## WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

A vessel has arrived at Cape Ann, from Bayonne, which brings news from France to about the 20th Nov. We have no account of any papers being brought by this vessel.—The verbal information by the captain, is reported to be, "that the general impression on the public mind in France, was unfavorable to the French arms—and that certain rumours prevailed of Bonaparte's having left Moscow—fought a great battle, and retired again to that city."—Another report is, that Bonaparte after the first time of leaving Moscow, had returned to it again, but in a few days abandoned it a second time, retracing his steps homeward."—Such are the reports brought by this vessel.

Accounts from the ocean announce several captures by our privateers—and it is also stated that the British squadron off our coast have taken a number of coasting and other vessels.

In our last we gave an account about an expedition against the Indians of the Massassinway towns, which terminated in their destruction. An article under the head of Lexington, Dec. 26, says, "The next morning, the Indians, about 600 in number, commenced an attack and forced our men to retreat precipitately. The commanding officer of this little band of heroes wrote on to Harrison and Winchester for assistance, as the Indians were in pursuit of them, and they nearly out of ammunition. Our loss in this affair is yet said to be trifling. The army under Winchester is now lying within 9 miles of Defiance. The want of provisions has prevented the army from moving."

It is said that Gen. Hull has been exchanged for 30 soldiers, and state he is to be tried by a Court Martial in the city of Philadelphia. The court to be open in the beginning of February.

A motion has been made in the House of Representatives of the state of Pennsylvania, to present the thanks of that Commonwealth to Commodore Decatur and Lieut. Biddle, with a silver Urn to the former, and a Sword to the latter.

The President has signed the bill passed by Congress for building four 74's and six frigates.

Gen. John Armstrong, of this state, and commander of the United States troops at the post and vicinity of New-York, is nominated by the President to the Senate for the office of Secretary at War; and Capt. William Jones, of Philadelphia, formerly a member of Congress, is nominated for Secretary of the Navy.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Lines on the death of George F. Cooke, esq. is received and will appear next week.

## Mystics.

## MARRIED,

By the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Jacob Drake, of the house of John and Jacob Drake, to Miss Susan Akeley, all of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Gosman, Mr. Robert M. Russell, merchant of this city, to Miss Ruth Amelia Smith, daughter of the late William Smith, esq. of Brookhaven, (L. I.)

By the Rev. Dr. Mason, Mr. James Stevenson, to Miss Mary Ronalds, daughter of the late James Ronalds.

By the Rev. William Parkinson, Mr. Charles Osgood, to Miss Anne Bloomer.

By the Rev. Milledoler, John Bingham esq. to Mrs. Mary Brasier, all of this city

By the Rev. Dr. Pheobus, Mr. Walter Bearemore, merchant to the amiable Miss Maria Patterson, daughter of Mr. John Patterson, merchant of this city.

## Obituary.

## DIED,

Mrs. Brodie, wife of Mr. Wm. Brodie, in the 46th year of her age.

Miss Nancy Jones, in the 23d year of her age, of a lingering illness which she bore with christian fortitude.

Mr. John M. Peck, aged 26 years.

Mrs. Jane Gann, wife of Wm. Gann, aged 21 years.

Mr. M'Comb, aged 45 years.

Near the Rapids, of his wounds, in the service of the United States, the celebrated Indian Chief, Logan.

In this city, the ever to be lamented Catharine Campbell, aged 29 years, wife of Duncan P. Campbell, esq.

## TO THE SHADE

Of Catharine Campbell, Consort of D. P. Campbell, Esquire.

## INVOCATION.

Sainted Spirit! tell us why,  
Thus thou speedest for the sky,  
And leav'st thy spouse, thine infant babes,  
And all th' ambitious mortal craves?

## RESPONSE.

Saw'st thou not the bursting night  
Pour a lucid gleam of light,  
On which a radiant angel rode,  
Who beckoned to the bless'd abode?  
I look'd! and regions of delight  
Where open'd to my raptur'd sight!  
I fled, that thus I might retain,  
For those most dear, this bright domain.

## MORAL.

Hence mortals learn, how God ordains,  
Our lasting Bliss, from present pains.

Reports of deaths, from the 26th day Dec. to the 10th inst, being two weeks....94.

## Seat of the Muses.

The following verses were written by a young British Officer in the West-Indies, a few years ago, when labouring under a complaint, he was conscious was soon to bring him to the grave.

THE Sun, just sinking shed a sickly ray  
That palely glimmer'd o'er the dark'ning west,  
When HENRY, faint amidst his wav'ring way  
Stopp'd—listless stopp'd, his feeble limbs to rest.  
Beneath a leafless tree he sat him down,  
On the bare margin of a parch'd up brook ;  
And many a glance his pale eye cast around,  
And heav'nward gaz'd with many a wishful look.  
But ah ! no more for him fair Nature's face  
Wore the gay smile of vital breathing joy ;  
As she was wont, when oft, through boundless space  
Her works he view'd with Contemplation's eye.  
Wasted by pale disease in thought he pin'd,  
Consuming sickness prey'd upon his frame,  
Stopp'd all the active vigor of his mind,  
And only left a shadow with a name.  
Yes ! now I feel, he said, life's dream is o'er ;  
No more for me the wreath my fancy wrought :  
Vain were my hopes !—Death presses on before,  
But I will meet him as a Soldier ought.  
And yet 'tis hard to quit this earthly scene,  
Forsake those joys which life and being gave,  
With steady visage and unalter'd mein,  
For the still tenants of the dreary grave.  
And harder still when fancy holds to view  
My friends dear cherish'd on my native shore,  
To bid those friends a long, a last adieu,  
And e'n resign the Hope of meeting more !  
For them alone, Heav'n knows, I wish'd to live ;  
Without them what were riches ? baubles mere !  
Poor all the joys that worldly pomp can give,  
To the possession of a friend that's dear.  
Yes Fortune, tho' thou frown'd when wealth & fame  
Claim'd the warm incense of a thoughtless heart,  
Thou gav'st me more in friendship's sacred name,  
Than Wealth and Fame and Titles can impart.  
Ye, life's best blessing, ah ! a long farewell !  
'Tis Heav'n's high will ordains, and we must part,  
Yet still on you the closing eye shall dwell,  
The last pang shall tear you from my heart.  
Hard is my lot—in manhood's opening bloom,  
When youth, full blown, had fill'd the expectant  
eye,  
With strength to—only totter to the tomb,  
With judgment rip'ning—only just to die.  
Pining to feel life's ebbing stream run low,  
Drooping to see my fading form decay,  
No hour of Comfort or of Health to know,  
To prop up fading life no earthly stay.  
Why was I spar'd, O Heav'n, amidst the storm  
When war's dread thunders roar'd around my head,  
When havoc stern, stalk'd round in horrid form,  
And number'd thousands with the silent dead ?  
Oh ! had I perish'd on some glorious field,  
Where many a brave companion breathless lay,  
I had not now alas ! been forc'd to yield,  
To tyrant death an unresisting prey.  
I had not liv'd to dream of future joys,  
With thee, LOUISA, in domestic life :  
I had not listen'd to the syren voice,  
When fond Hope whisper'd thou might'st be my  
wife.  
O rapturous thought ! ecstatic e'en in death ;  
A momentary gush renew's life's stream :  
Will no kind Angel, with his healing breath,  
Keep up the vital spark—still let me dream ?  
Ah no ! I wake, the dear delusion's o'er ;  
To Heav'n alone I raise the suppliant eye :  
Bless, bless Louisa, from thy happiest store,  
Unknown I lov'd, unpitied let me die.  
Die ! is it so ? to die ; ah, what is death ?  
In the dark grave to lodge, to worms a prey ;  
Each fine sensation to resign with breath ;  
All hopes to quit of life's returning day ?  
Is it not awful ; dreadful in the extreme ;  
Existence thus to lose ! no pledge to leave !  
No sure foundation of some future scheme,  
Since all's uncertainty beyond the grave.

To me not dreadful is the awful change ;  
I tread the path before by millions trod,  
Yet still I walk in wide Creation's range,  
Thro' Nature fix'd, upheld by Nature's God.  
Here then I rest, no gloomy doubt remains ;  
'Tis all clear, shunshine of an endless day ;  
A spirit infinite, eternal reigns,  
Free, independent of unconscious clay !  
He form'd the world ; how awfully sublime !  
And—wond'rous work ! he form'd the human soul ;  
Gave matter thought to measure endless time ;  
His essence actuates and upholds the whole.  
Heart cheering thought ! 'twas from him I receiv'd  
This earthly being which I now resign ;  
Nor let my better part with this be griev'd,  
Nor 'gainst his Laws in word or thought repine.  
Now Father merciful ! I come to thee ;  
'Tis in thy Mercy, in thy Power I trust,  
No more I seek life's dreaded foe to flee ;  
I know that Thou art Good and Wise and Just !  
Taught by that voice which breath'd through Christ's  
pure frame,  
Its heavenly precepts in my ravish'd ear,  
O'er life's rough road I've walk'd with honest fame,  
Why should I shudder, what have I to fear ?  
Go, anxious Soul—nor dread Death's ghastly frown,  
Secure, thy Maker's arm is strong to save !  
Whose presence fills all space ; does dust inform,  
Nor dwells in heav'n more than the lonely grave ?

## Morality.

### MODESTY INculcated.

THERE is a native dignity in ingenuous modesty to be expected in the female sex, which is their natural protection from the familiarities of the men, and which they should feel previously to the reflection that it is their interest to keep themselves sacred from all personal freedoms. The many nameless charms and endearments of beauty, should be reserved to bless the arms of a happy man to whom they give their hearts, but who, if he has the least delicacy, will despise them, if he knows, that they have been prostituted to fifty men before him.

The sentiment that a woman may allow all innocent freedoms, provided her virtue is secure, is both grossly indelicate and dangerous, and has proved fatal to many of the sex.

Women should consider every species of indelicacy in conversation, as shameful in itself, and as highly disgusting to us. All double entendre is of this sort. The dissoluteness of men's education allows them to be diverted with a kind of wit, which they have delicacy enough to be shocked at, when it comes from the mouths of women, or even when they hear it without pain or contempt. Virgin purity is of that delicate nature, that it cannot hear certain things without being contaminated. It is always in the power of women to avoid these. No man but a brute or a fool will insult a woman with conversation which he sees gives her pain ; nor will he dare to do it, if she resent the injury with a becoming spirit. There is a dignity in conscious virtue, which is able to awe the most shameless and abandoned of men.

Gregory.

Music is a very agreeable accomplishment for a young lady. It is a fine relaxation from more serious employments, and it greatly contributes to keep up a cheerfulness through the whole family ; but I would not have her ambitious to excel, and I think parents ought not to covet it.

Nelson.

## MARGARET LAMBRUN.

MARGARET Lambrun was a Scotchwoman, whose husband, as well as herself, was in the retinue of Mary, Queen of Scots, and on whose untimely death he died of grief. Margaret resolved to avenge the death of her Queen and husband upon Elizabeth ; and to accomplish her purpose, she assumed a man's habit, and repaired to the English court, assuming the name of Anthony Sparke. She carried with her a brace of pistols, one to kill Elizabeth, and the other to shoot herself, to avoid the disgrace of a public execution. But her design happened to miscarry, by an accident which preserved Queen Elizabeth's life. One day, as she was pushing through the crowd to come up to her Majesty, who was then walking in her garden, she dropped one of her pistols. This being observed, she was seized, and brought before the Queen, who asked her name, country, and quality ? Margaret undauntedly replied, " Madam, though I appear in this habit, I am a woman ; my name is Margaret Lambrun, I was several years in the service of Queen Mary, my mistress, whom you have unjustly put to death ; and by her death you have also caused that of my husband, who died of grief to see so innocent a Queen perish so iniquitously. Now, as I had the greatest love and affection for these victims of your cruelty and injustice, I resolved to revenge their death by killing you. I acknowledge that I suffered many struggles within my own breast, and have endeavoured to divert my resolution from this design ; but all in vain : I found myself compelled to prove, by experience, the truth of this maxim, that neither reason nor force can hinder a woman from vengeance, when she is impelled thereto by love." After calmly listening to Margaret's discourse, Elizabeth replied, " You are then persuaded that in this action you have done your duty, and satisfied the demands which your love for your mistress and for your husband required of you : but what think you now it is my duty to do to you ? " Madam," (said Margaret, with a steady unembarrassed countenance,) " I will tell you plainly my opinion, provided you will let me know whether you put that question in the quality of a Queen, or in that of a judge ? " Her Majesty declared that " it was in that of a Queen." " Then," (said Margaret,) " your Majesty ought to grant me a pardon." " But what assurance or security can you give me, (said Elizabeth,) that you will not make another attempt upon my life ? " Madam (replied the spirited Lambrun) a favour given under such restraints is no more a favour ; and in so doing, your Majesty would act against me as a judge." The Queen turning to some of her council, said, " I have been thirty years a Queen, and do not remember ever having such a lecture read to me before " She pronounced a free and unqualified pardon, and granted Margaret a safe escort till she got out of the kingdom.

## JENISON—DENTIST,

AT MRS. LEWIS'S, 278, PEARL-STREET,

CLEANS and repairs Teeth &c. not better, perhaps as well and as cheap as others. Sells prepared Charcoal for the Teeth and Tincture for Spongy Gums.

N. B. Home from 8 to 11, and from 2 to 5.